

KENNY'S DEBT

Tragic Tale of the Rough Justice of a Mining Camp.

By WALTER DUNCAN

Copyright by Frank A. Munsey Co.

The theory of Kenny's defense was that Bllek was first to draw. Clearly no one believed it—not one of those silent, rugged men who formed a semicircle in front of Frisco's saloon. Against Kenny's word was his reputation—in the mining camp he was known for a bad man, quick on the draw and quicker on the trigger—and there had been bad blood between the dead man and him who now stood in the center of the semicircle.

If in those days the laws of that out of the way place, such as were defined, were administered summarily with little dignity and less ceremony justice was the quicker for it. Seldom was its aim at fault, and it seldom if ever hung fire.

Bllek's stiffening form, lying face downward on the hillside where it had dropped when Kenny's gun had spat, had been exposed to the sun less than an hour before Kenny was called upon by the vigilance committee to explain. He and Bllek had ridden into the hills together. Kenny had returned home alone.

They found Kenny down at Frisco's Boldly and with a show of unconcern he began his version, while the men of the V. C. closed in and formed the semicircle around him.

Big and forbidding, Bill John Mickle stood in the doorway, cutting off the one avenue of retreat. Bill John had presided as master of ceremonies on more than one previous occasion of this kind.

"He tried to kill me," Kenny told them. "I had to kill him."

But, looking from one rugged face into another and reading their verdict, the accused lost his self-confidence, and in the desperation with which a stag held at bay fights for life Kenny strove to convince the silent, unbelieving men of the truth of his words.

There was no one to champion his cause. The men of the V. C. did things at first hand—every man to his own defense. Determined to maintain at least a semblance of law and order, they had found it necessary to take the law into their own hands, sometimes to sacrifice human life to make human life the more secure. They did it unflinchingly.

Kenny had had his warning. A week ago he had seen these men form a semicircle and pass judgment on Sam Carter, he whose gun had barked when some one here at Frisco's plucked a fifth ace from the gambler's sleeve. Before his man was cold Carter's legs were dangling three feet from the ground and his body swayed from a taut hemp rope.

So Kenny, remembering Sam Carter's fate and searching the grim faces that waited him for the encouragement he did not find, trembled.

"He tried to kill me," he repeated slowly.

Silently one after another slowly shook their heads. They knew Bllek for a man of peace. And they knew Kenny. His record nullified his words.



"I WAS RIDING ON THE UPPER TRAIL, AND I SAW IT. HE KILLED HIM IN SELF DEFENSE."

If it were not for the one thing, thought Kenny, he could make them believe. That he and the man he had killed had been bitter rivals until Frisco's daughter Katie had given her heart to Bllek completed his condemnation, and the silent, rugged men would not believe.

Slowly, one after another, they shook their heads.

"Say your prayers, Kenny," Bill John Mickle from his stand in the doorway pronounced judgment on the culprit.

"And may God have mercy on your soul!" he added. Somewhere back in civilization he had heard that.

The condemned man did not pray.

Despairing, he saw the semicircle broken when a man from whose arm hung a coiled hemp rope stepped out of his place and advanced quickly toward him.

Kenny's fingers itched for the feel of his gun. In another moment the noose was slipped over his head and drawn so tight it pained him where the big, rough knot pressed hard against his neck.

"Say your prayers, Kenny," Bill John repeated. "It's your last chance to say them."

Kenny looked dazedly about him. He was not looking for hope. Of hope he knew there was none. Fear, to which he had been a stranger, chilled the blood in his veins. Still he did not pray. To Bill John Mickle, who still stood in the doorway looking down upon the little tragedy enacted in the little arena as a judge looks down from the bench, the man with the noose about his neck turned an appealing, helpless, whitening face, and his lips moved. But no sound escaped them.

The silence was that of the hills and of death.

It was broken by a footfall inside the saloon, and from behind Bill John appeared a woman, little more than a girl. She was Frisco's daughter Katie, who, attracted by the crowd, had come from the kitchen which was set apart a little way in the rear.

For one second she surveyed the scene through eyes red with weeping; then she stepped into the semicircle of men.

Kenny, the rope about his neck, went whiter at sight of her and trembled, afraid of the woman for love of whom he had gone to his ruin.

But how he had loved her! If he might know that she even now still cared one little bit he could go to his doom and die like a man.

"Time's up," announced Bill John, snapping the case of his watch.

"Wait."

Something in the girl's voice as she spoke—something Kenny least of all had expected and which he could not define—caused him to lift his head. Would she taunt him for killing her lover, he who had known the way to a woman's heart, now that he was going to his own death?

"He tried to kill me," he pleaded. "I cannot make them believe me, but I had to do it."

"That is what I have come to tell you," answered the girl, addressing the men who formed the semicircle. "I saw it all. I was riding on the upper trail, and I saw it. He killed him in self defense."

Kenny looked at the girl unbelievably. She whose lover he had shot down, whose scorn he had expected, she had come at the crisis to save his neck. They must believe her.

In spite of the hemp rope, he threw back his head and laughed boldly in triumph, for he had cheated the death that a moment before hovered over him, and in life there would now be no handsome, hated Bllek to win away the girl's heart from him.

Bill John Mickle from the doorway was speaking.

"Kenny," he said, "she has saved your worthless hide, but you've had a narrow escape. Let this be a lesson to you. We can't hang you now, but this community don't need your kind, and you got to go. Before sundown—understand?"

Unblinking and defiant, the girl who had drawn nearer to the man she had saved, as though to further protect him from the rest, turned upon Bill John. "If he goes, then I go too," she threatened, knowing full well that every man in camp was dependent upon her, the only woman within forty miles.

Kenny, who was a man of action, lost no time marveling at Katie's unexpected words. He heard, and a proud advantage over these rugged, silent men swelled within him. At the instant he regained all the bold defiance of his nature.

"Let us go," he said to her.

"I am ready."

The men who had formed the semicircle were silent and still no longer. They gathered round Bill John and Frisco and voiced their protest against the girl's going. It was unanimous.

"I guess you can stay, Kenny."

Reversing his former decision with these words, Bill John walked away, and Katie, laughing in the pride of her victory, ran back to her kitchen behind Frisco's saloon. She felt certain that Kenny would come to her there presently.

Three hours later, when the men who had formed the semicircle were back up in the hills and Frisco dozed in a corner of his saloon and the mining camp was lifeless and still, the man sought the woman who had saved his life.

For more than an hour he had been cursing himself for a blind fool while he lay outstretched upon the bunk in his shack at the foot of the hills. Any one else, he told himself, would have known that the girl had loved him all the while and that, like a woman, she had only pretended Bllek had won her away from him.

But, even though she loved him and had loved him while he had not known it, Kenny felt that he owed her a great debt for what she had done. She had saved his life. He owed her that at the very least.

He resolved then that he would devote it to her happiness and thought a little of mending his ways. He would make it all up to her.

At the kitchen he found her. She was wiping the dishes when he came, and, resting his elbows on the rough window sill, he thrust his head and shoulders inside.

"Katie, that was a mighty big thing you done for me today," he said simply.

The girl dried her hands and came and stood beside the window.

"You saved my life, girl," the man went on. "Why did you tell 'em you saw me—saw it all?"

But still the girl answered nothing.

"Was it because you love me, Katie?"

After a little hesitating moment she

girl looked up, straight into Kenny's hungry eyes, and slowly shook her head.

"No," she said—"no, I don't love you, Kenny. It wasn't that."

The man started, surprised.

"Then, why did you tell 'em that he?" he demanded of her. "Why didn't you let 'em finish the job?"

"Because," the girl answered him—"because I need you, Kenny; because I want you to help me. Do you love me, Kenny?"

"God, how many times have I told you?" he cried passionately. "I'd give



"YOU WILL DO THIS FOR ME—WHAT I ASK?"

you my life, my heart and soul, my name."

"That's what I'm going to ask of you, Kenny," she said. "It's your name I want—just that."

"My name?" he asked, understanding nothing of what she was trying to tell him. "My name? For what?"

"For the child whose father you killed today," she answered bravely, a little quiver in her voice, and hung her head to hide what might be in her face and in her eyes. "Do you understand now?"

Kenny staggered backward as one under the weight of a heavy blow and stared for a moment, unbelieving. Then he said:

"Yes; I understand now."

"We were to be married next Sunday when the parson comes," she added, but Kenny gave no sign that he heard. He had turned his back to the window and was looking far away across the hills.

"You will do this for me—what I ask?" She pressed him for an answer. "I have been honest with you, Kenny. You must remember that. I need not have told you, and I saved your life today."

"You saved my life, yes," he cried, turning quickly upon her, "but you loved him!"

"You will do it, Kenny?" she insisted as he was turning away.

"Tomorrow I will tell you. I don't know," he answered, and without another word he walked away and went to his shack.

Before sundown a man on a horse, with his blankets rolled into a pack behind his saddle and his outfit strapped to his back, rode out of camp and up into the hills.

It was Kenny, and he was going away.

Down in the little kitchen behind Frisco's saloon in the valley a woman, little more than a girl, was weeping bitter tears.

In the Family.

Uncle Henry married my father's cousin. They lived alone in a great house, which had the most dismal library in the whole wide world. It was all black walnut, lined with books with dull leather backs and uninteresting titles. Over the shelves, against a border of black velvet, were rows of marble statuettes that came from Europe.

There were two invalid chairs with big wheels, although neither Uncle Henry nor Aunt Ella were really invalids, and in one corner of the room was a Swiss music box that played lugubrious airs. Finally Uncle Henry died, and then Aunt Ella, and all the property had to be divided.

Aunt Ella had always worn a large black cameo likeness of Uncle Henry, which had been cut in Rome. It was set as a brooch and was surrounded with rather large sized diamonds and was an object of most sacred veneration to us all. We felt that it should go—as the greatest treasure of all—to the niece with Uncle Henry's name. Can you imagine our feelings when she had it made into a belt buckle?—New York Independent.

Caught It, and It Was Her Own.

Anna Belle Wilson was the proud possessor of a well developed case of whooping cough, and, as she explained it, "It was the first one of the 'catchin' diseases I ever had."

She was just developing a good, healthy whoop when her mother gave her some advice as to the danger of her playmates in catching the disease.

"You must be very careful about playing with other children," her mother said. "When you see them coming to play with you do not lose any time in running from them or they will take it from you."

Imagine Mrs. Wilson's surprise and amusement when Anna Belle catapulted into the front door only a few feet ahead of little Miss Jane Keyes, one of her playmates.

"Mamma! Mamma!" the child screamed. "For mercy sake, shut the door! Jane is after me, and if you don't help she'll take the whooping cough from me! And just think, mamma, it's the only one I ever caught too!"—Indianapolis News.

A New Shipment of Lingerie Waists

at **\$1.00**

Women's and Misses'

We are showing a full line of smartest summer waists. Tinted Voiles, and plain white with colored embroidery on collars and cuffs. Waists of Voile, showing much hemstitching and frill fronts edged with fine lace. All are excellent values.

Others at \$2.00, \$2.95 and \$3.95.

MAIL ORDERS
PROMPTLY
TAKEN CARE OF

B. SIEGEL

ADJUTANT GENERAL & STATE
DETROIT, MICH.

THE FATAL SECRET. by Mrs. Southworth, and 14 other good stories, post paid for only 10 cents. Address, G. ELSEA, Owosso, Mich. Adv.

Take Your Vacation at Our Expense.

Why worry about your vacation money? We will show you how to earn any amount, large or small, in your spare time. Pleasant outdoor work. Complete outfit furnished free of charge. IMCO, 119 W. 40th St., New York City.—Adv.

FOR SALE—Good forty acres of land on street car line 2 miles north of Morrice all improved, fine soil, can't be beat. Inquire of J. F. STONE, Perry, R. D. No. 1.

SALESMAN WANTED to solicit orders for lubricating oils, greases and paints. Salary or Commission. Address THE HARVEY OIL CO., Cleveland, Ohio. Adv.

WANTED—Ambitious men desiring to earn \$200 or more per month. Every salesman given special training. Unlimited opportunities. Write immediately. Power Lubricating Co., Detroit, Mich. Adv.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM

A toilet preparation of merit. It cures itching humors, restores color and beauty to gray or faded hair. 25c and 50c at drug stores.

Order of Publication.
State of Michigan,
In the Circuit Court for the County of Shiawassee, in Chancery.

Frank R. Patchett,
Plaintiff,

vs.
Charles W. Sager, Cornelia L. Sager, Calmus M. Cook, and Sarah O. Cook, his wife, Edward W. Sparrow, George H. Adams, Harvey Adams, George Sidway and Amelia Sidway, his wife, John E. Evans, Trustee, Ira Pickney, Ida L. Ferris, Celestia L. Colby, Sullivan R. Kelley, Salmon H. Hoard, Charles H. Hoard and Ella L. Hoard, Charles H. Hoard, Chauncey B. Hoard, Charles Conklin, Alice Harding, Amos E. Hoard, Jonah Fuller, Thomas Curtis, Hiram Curtis, Henry Van Voorhis, Florence M. Van Voorhis, Charles H. Shepard, John E. Evans, Trumbull Cary, Edw. C. Kimberly, Charles Fuller, Gains C. Fuller, Dexter Fuller, the Board of Supervisors of Shiawassee County, Michigan, or their or any of their unknown heirs, devisees, legatees, or assigns and all persons who are or may be entitled to claim under provision of certain coal leases, made upon the 28th day of November, 1884, and upon the 5th day of October, 1908, and upon the 15th day of September, 1908, wherein it was provided that the second party agreed to commence coal operations within three years, and if not, first party should receive a royalty of \$1.00 per acre in advance.
Defendants.

Suit pending in the Circuit Court for the said County of Shiawassee, in Chancery, on the 15th day of June, A. D. 1910.

First. In this case it appearing from the sworn Bill of Complaint and the affidavit of Leon F. Miner, on file in said cause that the residences of the Defendants above named are unknown, except the residence of the Defendant, the Board of Supervisors of Shiawassee County, Michigan and that it is unknown where they reside living or dead, or whether they have personal representatives or heirs living or where they or some of them may be, and whether such title, interest, claim, lien or possible right has been disposed of by will, and it also appearing that after diligent search and inquiry, the names of the persons here included as defendants in this cause without being named, cannot be ascertained.

2nd. Therefore, on motion of Leon F. Miner, attorney for plaintiffs, it is ordered that the appearance of said defendants be included in said cause on or before the 27th day of September, 1910, and that in case of their appearance, that they cause their answer to the Bill of Complaint in said cause to be filed and a copy thereof to be served on said plaintiff's attorney within fifteen (15) days after service on them of a copy of said Bill of Complaint, and that in default thereof, that the said Bill of Complaint take as confessed by said defendants.

3rd. It is further ordered that within twenty (20) days of the date hereof, the said plaintiff cause a copy of this order to be published in the Owosso Times, a newspaper published and circulated in said county, that such publication be continued therein once in each week for six (6) successive weeks.

4th. That this suit is brought to quiet the title to the southeast quarter of the southeast one-quarter of section 38, and the northeast one-quarter of the northeast one-quarter of section 38, and the northwest one-quarter of the northwest one-quarter of the northwest one-quarter of the north one-half of the north one-half of the northeast one-quarter of section 38, and the southeast one-quarter of section 38, and the east one-half of the northwest one-quarter of the northwest one-quarter of the northwest one-quarter of the northwest one-quarter of the northwest one-quarter of section 38, and the east one-half of the southeast one-quarter of section 38, all being in township 8 north, range 3 east, Shiawassee County, Michigan.

Dated this 26th day of June, A. D. 1910.

SELDON S. MINER,
Circuit Judge.

ALBERT L. NICHOLS,
County Clerk.

LEON F. MINER,
Attorney for Plaintiff.

Business Address, Owosso, Mich.

HAIRDRESSING PARLORS—Remember the old reliable firm of Stone & Mix are still doing business at 401 N. Park street. Switches made to order on short notice. Shampooing and hairdressing. Union phone 271.

F. B. HOLMAN
OPTICAL SPECIALIST
119 West Exchange St., Owosso
Over 35 years in optical business.
All prescriptions ground to order.

CHAS. B. PORTER, M. D.
Successor to Dr. D. H. Lamb
Practice Limited to Diseases of Eye,
Ear, Nose and Throat.
Offices Over Owosso Savings Bank
Hours: 9 to 12 a. m., 1 to 4 p. m.
Sundays 12 to 1. Evenings by Appointment.

FRED SMITH
Furniture Repairing and Finishing
New Location East of Main St. Bridge.
UNION PHONE 224

Commissioners' Notice.
In the matter of the estate of Jacob W. Smith, deceased.
We the undersigned, having been appointed by the Hon. Matthew Bush, Judge of Probate in and for the County of Shiawassee, State of Michigan, Commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against said estate, do hereby give notice that we will meet at the Owosso Savings Bank in the City of Owosso, in said County, on Friday, the 11th day of August, A. D. 1910, and on Wednesday, the 15th day of October, A. D. 1910 at ten o'clock in the forenoon of each of said days, for the purpose of receiving and adjusting all claims against said estate, and that four months from the 10th day of June, A. D. 1910, are allowed to creditors to present their claims to said Commissioners for adjustment and allowance.
Dated the 10th day of June, A. D. 1910.
ASA D. WHIPPLE,
CHARLES W. JENNINGS,
Commissioners.

We have moved to our new building,
304 W. MAIN STREET.
Matthews & Clarke
ATTORNEYS
Successors to
CHAPMAN, MCNAMARA & MATTHEWS
Office, Phone Union No. 196.
Residence, Phone Union No. 941-black.

DETROIT

TO
Put-In-Bay—Cedar Point
Cleveland—Sandusky
DAYLIGHT ACROSS THE LAKE

Every Day Excursions to Put-In-Bay
Round Trip Fare **60c** Round Trip
Same day **60c** Sundays or **75c**
Week Days - **60c** Holidays - **75c**

Cedar Point Excursions—\$1.00 Round Trip
On Sunday, Monday, Wednesday and Friday

Cleveland One Way Fare—Every Day—\$1.50
Big Steel Steamer "Put-In-Bay" leaves Detroit every day at 8:00 a. m. Central Standard Time

Steel Side Wheel Steamer "Frank E. Kirby" leaves Detroit week days at 5:00 p. m. Central Time.

FREE DANCING—Finzel's Orchestra on Str. "Put-In-Bay"

Whole afternoon at Put-In-Bay.
Three hours at Cedar Point. Visit
Perry \$1,000,000 Memorial.
The Cares, Casino, Dinner Pavilions, Big
Hots, Bathing Beaches, Aquatic Slide, Boat
Walks, Midway, Lagoons, etc.

Write for folders
Ashley & Dustin
Steamer Line
Detroit, Michigan